

## CONFUSE THE BIRDS

cold february night,  
tape of song birds  
playing for the last  
hour or so, georgette  
fast asleep on the  
couch in front of  
the dark fireplace.  
tonight the tape is  
on a little louder  
than usual, and  
that's saying a lot  
because it's been played  
every night now for the past  
six weeks, at least.  
it's strange standing in  
the window, staring out  
at the back field  
the snow that has  
been falling since  
late afternoon.  
it's strange because  
with the falling of  
the snow there is  
the sound of the birds  
singing their hearts out.  
one night the expected happened:  
georgette woke up  
on the couch and thought  
it was dawn, when  
actually it was only  
just past midnight.  
unfortunately, there is  
no information  
with the cassette  
concerning the kinds  
of birds singing,  
and my knowledge  
of song birds, of  
any kinds of birds, is  
nil. i wonder if  
this tape would  
confuse the birds  
if one spring  
morning i were to  
play it loud out the  
back window.  
i wonder if they  
would look towards  
the house with  
a questioning look  
in those beady eyes.  
i know  
i would.

## AT THE SINK

washing potatoes  
my mother  
her hands under  
  
running water  
she turns each  
potato  
  
slowly  
gently  
one  
  
at a time  
as though  
they were  
  
pups  
and she was  
trying to  
  
determine  
their  
sex